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750 FARM & ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

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THE PULPIT.

DR. BRAINARD DISCUSSES THE NEW COMMANDMENT.

The Law of Love as Exounded by Christ—Dr. Pendleton Talks About the Great Trumpet Blast—Gospel Temperance Meeting.

The services at the First Congregational Church, including the celebration of the holy communion, were conducted yesterday morning by Rev. Dr. Brainard, of the Park Congregational Church, who preached from the following text:

"A new command I give unto you, That ye love one another, as I have loved you." John, xiii, 34.

The surroundings of our lesson usher us into the presence of a celestial purity. By the touchstone of its divine magic we may peer within the limit of a charmed circle. Behold how on every couch in effulgent brightness reclines a sacred personage. See on every side those far-famed faces in rapt attention, listening to the word of truth. What mean these cups and tables, this broken bread and dazzling wine? Why these earnest faces and earnest hands? Lo! here is present sent of God is drawing near to the end of His earthly work. The heartless mockery of the judgment hall, the gloom of Calvary and the agony of the cross are looming in untold anguish before the propulsive might of His merciful nature. With a full consciousness of all that was to befall Him, with a tender yearning for the fate of His little flock, He has gathered. His disciples together to receive His final words of instruction, to hear His last pleading prayer, and to bow in tender kinship beneath His farewell blessing.

At that time Jerusalem was reigning in all her glory, but in the midst of her resplendent beauty was being enacted that drama which was destined to bring to glory the New Jerusalem, to receive the pilgrimage and devotion of a race redeemed. Its streets were thronged with busy worshippers, whose pilgrim feet had led them many a weary mile up to the city of their great King, and along with bearing their beautiful song, "My Feet Shall Stand Within Thy Gates, O Jerusalem!"

What a contrast between that blazon-glory that heralded the priestly celebration and the quiet simplicity of that upper chamber, illumined only by the radiance of the presence of God! But the drama draws on in that metropolis of devotion. Throngs of eager Jews are hastening to conform to their long-loved law, clinging still to a legalism which has been perverted by the blind fervor, and which, in blind credulity, has followed, clinging to their creeds to the bitter end, all unconscious that in the meantime they had been jostling in their midst One who was mightier than the glorious angels who surrounded the presence of God!

The gospel is a trumpet. From no ore of earth its material, nor formed by any created skill. It is purely of heavenly origin, and fashioned by skill all divine. In God's own hands, while it deviates, and by its own contrivance, from the metal infinitely more precious than the mines of earth have crumbled into dust.

The supper now is over, and the Church of God is launched upon its deathless destiny. The disciples in loving companionship are gathering around, and all unconsciously of the cruel scenes of half a year that yet must intervene, look only for the glory of their Lord. But the Master, knowing the dangers that must beset His flock, and seeing far down the vista of the future that hangs over His spiritual children, adds His new commandment, "Love one another as I have loved you"; and from this new commandment has sprung a power that has wrought mightily to dispel the darkness of the world. This principle of brotherly love was the secret of the astonishing characteristics of the Christian Church.

Let us then consider this law of love, first, in its need as a bond of brotherhood, then inquire as to the measure of its fulfillment.

This new commandment agrees with the whole spirit of Christ's interpretation of the old law; and is in sharp contrast to the law of the Pharisees, whose crude morality taught "Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy" and these teachings, accepted as to the natural heart, have led men in with unfeigned enthusiasm to Master's new commandment. In proof of this, call to mind the early history of any great nation; the laws are red with the blood of human lives taken by their brothers, men, women, and sons, Cels and Gauls, in civil and religious wars, have met in mortal combat; but now the pulse of passion is quieting and the rage of savage instincts is dying away before the divine influences that are flooding the earth. But even so far cruelty is not entirely suppressed by love; for nation threatens nation, hatred and spite still seek revenge in human blood; the howl of rob law, the rumble of distant strife, the cry of war and the smothered wail of mothers over victory have remained that the army of Christ has need of still more recruits who will enlist under the banner of this new commandment.

Selfishness also fosters the seeds of contention; the scabious that is picking the world with the pursuit motives of self-interest in the noblest efforts, making the worst side possible out of the unfortunate occurrences in every-day life and causing mischief on every hand, while charity, loving and pure, turns with a ready smile to the tale of the busker and is soon ready to make him a better man. That kingdom has greatly enlarged since that day when its herald-banners held aloft while the trumpet sounds. True to the great commission herald messengers still rear it: "Go ye into all the world; preach my gospel to every creature." In this highway of our God and all along its course He has established herald-stations for the sounding of salvation's trumpet. "The law and the prophets were until John; since which time the Kingdom of God is preached, and every one enters into it."

How like a blast from the trumpet of God was the preaching of the Baptist! How it went ringing from hill to hill and valley to valley, till all Judæa echoed its stinging peal. Up and down everywhere it rang, and people in it were surprised, harried with an eager, excited throng pressing toward the kingdom. To his wonderful baptisms they came, in hundreds and in thousands, to be buried in Jordan's waters.

That kingdom has greatly enlarged since that day when its herald-banners held aloft while the trumpet sounds.

Some are nearly ready to perish.

Such are the gospel-hardened, ever hearing, never yielding. "He who, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall be surely destroyed, and that without remedy."

Such, also, are the haters of grace and truth. They are in momentary peril of strong delusions that they (come at last) to believe a lie."

Gray hairs are indeed the tokens of the love of Christ! The saying therefore, loves us infinitely more than we can love Him, because His heart is infinitely larger. His love trusts on and ever hopes and expects better things, and so it should be in our love for another. We should love, as did Christ, the lost, the poor, the sick, the care—the poor and afflicted, the wandering and the lost. To care for such was Christ's mission here on earth, and to care for such should be the joy of His disciples.

Finally, we have loved so much it cost His life. "His soul others, himself He could not save." Oh, noble pane gyrie, motto of the Christian heart! Lead thou us forth by thy loving truth into faithful following of that life divine. Guide them us, Oh, help us love, to perish, the radiance of the cross shall be borne upon our way! Lift us by thy soul-inspiring power till we behold before us the evidence of that love! The broken body and soul of our Great Sacrifice eloquently testifies to His life and love. This feast today should be the grandest of all the annual life of self-sacrifice. It was the path the Master trod—shall not the servant tread it still? Let no hour bring to us deeper compassion and holier love. Look upon your crucified Redeemer, and let your example stand in the shadow of his cross till, like the loved disciple, we may rest upon the bosom of our Lord and read from the depths of His gracious eyes the message of eternal life.

CENTRAL BAPTIST.

Dr. Pendleton on the Trumpet Blast of Doom.

Rev. Dr. Pendleton, of the Central Baptist Church, preached yesterday morning from the words in Isaiah, xxvii, 13: "And it shall come to pass in that day, the great trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come who are ready to perish."

This is an old-time prophecy. It comes down to us having the clear, free-grace ring of the gospel as from the mount of God's reconciling love.

The long four thousand years—nigh of a million, eight hundred hundred years ago have the long-ago day. With the coming of the Armistice, some who were called the stars away, came the

"turning of the morning." "Aye! then from the womb of the morning, and amid the birth-pangs of the maturing nature around Golgotha's tragedy rose the day-star of hope, and rose never to set. No never! When once this revolving moral world shall have reached the fixed lines in its predicted zenith, then will appear the day of the resurrection, with its dazzling glory filling the renovated universe. There surely comes a new heaven and a new earth."

"But what of the intervening days? Ah! beloved; to the Zion of God and to perishing man, many temporary turnings of the seasons, "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord" are appointed to His sunlit church.

Nights of apathy and unfruitfulness give way to recurring growth-days of spiritual revival. In individual experience, sin's dark night yields to the dawn of the new life-day.

"Going forth as the morning" the Lord of salvation appears, working wonders of grace. These are precious seasons. In these our text holds good, having grainful fulments.

It comes then to pass; the great trumpet is blown, and they ready to perish—come!

You see God's method of reaching perchance many, though not all, the saved.

"Times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord" are appointed to His sunlit church.

First—The God of all grace has opened to the lost sons of the fall a highway to the mount of reconciliation and thence to glory. Since these are precious seasons, in these our text holds good, having grainful fulments.

It comes then to pass; the great trumpet is blown, and they ready to perish—come!

The drift of the discourse was a plea for the higher motive of Christian love. The compensation of the one are limited by the passing years. The gains of the other are ample in current returns, and tend to increase and increase the future, and the end. The higher motive of the former, however, assures to us beside, all that a limitless future may hold in store. "The life that now is, as well as that which is to come."

The building of the Christian character, it was insisted, is the highest and greatest of all earthly enterprises. The building never fails or decays. The colonial temple of a holy life never becomes a ruin. In its very nature it must grow greater and brighter forever. Christian love is the atmosphere in which the best and most glorious growths of earth, land and sea, and grown.

Christian communion is a flower that is come into new and perpetual bloom in the gardens of heaven.

THE QUAKERS.

Their Quaint, Old-Fashioned Worship Yesterday.

In some of the Eastern States Quakers, or Friends, as they call themselves, are very numerous, but on this coast they are very scarce, and it is quite a treat to be allowed to witness their peculiar and simple mode of worship. A TIMES reporter was attracted by a church notice in yesterday's paper which announced that services would be held at 11 o'clock yesterday morning in Painters' Hall, at No. 21 Alford street, and thinking it might do his soul good to witness the service he went to watch several hundred years ago, he wended his way up a little dimly-lighted stairway and found himself at the door of a small hall. He hesitated for a moment at the door, when a voice from the extreme end of the hall called out,

"Come forward—ah! my brother—ah! and take a seat—a seat with this little be-a-d-a-h," and the old gray-headed gentleman, whose features beamed with a look of benevolence, seldome seen on the countenance of this aged man until the reporter was seated before he renewed his long-drawn sentences. In his discourse he adopted a tone of voice that would have been exceedingly musical had it not been for a slight twang in it, never heard in his modern pupil. As every one knows the Quaker speaks only when the spirit moves him, and the old gentleman had been thoroughly moved, for he talked at the top of his voice to his friend of other people (including the reporter) for fully twenty minutes, when he sat down. For ten minutes after the notes of his voice had died out in the old hall one could have heard a pin drop. Then a quiet, quiet-faced little woman, evidently a widow, talked in a motherly fashion for five minutes. There was another wait, during which time every member of the audience hung his head, and seemed to be in deep prayer; when a brother with a white hair, seated in a chair, slid from his chair and offered a prayer. Another long wait was indulged in, and the old gentleman, who was talking when the reporter entered, rose, and said he thought the meeting had been in session long enough, and dismissed the devout little audience.

The Highest Authority.

William Hammond Hall, the State Engineer, who has had years of experience in land and water in California, after a full examination of the Rancho Ex-Mission of San Fernando, reports to the owners of the property, the Porter family, that the land is open to cultivation, has 10,000 to 11,000 acres, and perhaps more of only first-rate valley lands for cultivation, with soils not to be surpassed for fertility and desirability by those of any section; lying very favorably for irrigation, and in a neighborhood whose climate is well-adapted to the best class of agricultural, horticultural and vineyard productions usual in this country.

Mr. Hall has also compiled for the owners a plan showing a complete plan for irrigation of the tract, with the waters flowing from San Fernando, Sycamore and Pacoma creeks, and from the immense clemas located upon the ranch, and the public may expect the finest water system in California upon this property. Office, room No. 9, Los Angeles National Bank building, corner First and Spring streets. A man always at San Fernando, with conveyances to show the property.

PORTER LAND AND WATER CO.

By John B. Baskin, Secretary and sole agent.

Harral for Clearwater!

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The gospel trumpet has no uncertain sound; there is not one quaver of uncertainty in it. Being all and solely divine its ring is always clear, true and assuring, inspiring by every peal.

These are the people who know the joyful sound!

A sad thought holds us now. It is of men and peoples ready to perish! An alarming, startling truth—ready to perish! Hearken! "Where no vision is, it is God's doing." "Love one another as I have loved you"; and from this new commandment has sprung a power that has wrought mightily to dispel the darkness of the world. This principle of brotherly love was the secret of the astonishing characteristics of the Christian Church.

Let us then consider this law of love, first, in its need as a bond of brotherhood, then inquire as to the measure of its fulfillment.

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Selfishness also fosters the seeds of contention; the scabious that is picking the world with the pursuit motives of self-interest in the noblest efforts, making the worst side possible out of the unfortunate occurrences in every-day life and causing mischief on every hand, while charity, loving and pure, turns with a ready smile to the tale of the busker and is soon ready to make him a better man. That kingdom has greatly enlarged since that day when its herald-banners held aloft while the trumpet sounds.

Some are nearly ready to perish.

Such are the gospel-hardened, ever hearing, never yielding. "He who, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall be surely destroyed, and that without remedy."

Such, also, are the haters of grace and truth. They are in momentary peril of strong delusions that they (come at last) to believe a lie."

Gray hairs are indeed the tokens of the love of Christ! The saying therefore, loves us infinitely more than we can love Him, because His heart is infinitely larger. His love trusts on and ever hopes and expects better things, and so it should be in our love for another. We should love, as did Christ, the lost, the poor, the sick, the care—the poor and afflicted, the wandering and the lost. To care for such was Christ's mission here on earth, and to care for such should be the joy of His disciples.

Finally, we have loved so much it cost His life. "His soul others, himself He could not save." Oh, noble pane gyrie, motto of the Christian heart! Lead thou us forth by thy loving truth into faithful following of that life divine. Guide them us, Oh, help us love, to perish, the radiance of the cross shall be borne upon our way! Lift us by thy soul-inspiring power till we behold before us the evidence of that love! The broken body and soul of our Great Sacrifice eloquently testifies to His life and love. This feast today should be the grandest of all the annual life of self-sacrifice. It was the path the Master trod—shall not the servant tread it still? Let no hour bring to us deeper compassion and holier love. Look upon your crucified Redeemer, and let your example stand in the shadow of his cross till, like the loved disciple, we may rest upon the bosom of our Lord and read from the depths of His gracious eyes the message of eternal life.

We have seen now the need and power of the gospel; let us then consider the measure of its fulfillment.

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And so it goes on, through the ages, the world over, the love of God's reconciling love.

The long four thousand years—nigh of a million, eight hundred hundred years ago have the long-ago day. With the coming of the Armistice, some who were called the stars away, came the

sunrise the scriptures give to the element of love in the Christian economy. He urged the need of restatement and reimplimentation of this love feature in the gospels. Love is a great fact, and Christ's love is the crowning love. It is this, and not logic or learning or eloquence that is to save the world. In the battle with unbelief and abounding forms of godlessness, the weapon that is to win is the love of God.

"What of the intervening days? Ah! beloved; to the Zion of God and to perishing man, many temporary turnings of the seasons, "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord" are appointed to His sunlit church.

Nights of apathy and unfruitfulness give way to recurring growth-days of spiritual revival. In individual experience, sin's dark night yields to the dawn of the new life-day.

"Going forth as the morning" the Lord of salvation appears, working wonders of grace. These are precious seasons. In these our text holds good, having grainful fulments.

RAILROADS.

NOTES OF PROGRESS FROM SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

The Colorado Midland and Rio Grande Western Lines Probably in the Hands of the Santa Fe Company and to Be Extended.

The following extract is taken from a private letter written by a prominent citizen of Albuquerque, N. M., who is on the inside in railroad matters:

"I have received private news from Denver to the effect that the Colorado Midland which you will remember is the road Mr. Huntington is now in the process of arranging to control the Rio Grande Western. The Colorado Midland extends from Grand Junction, Colo., to Ogallala, Utah, and furnishes the Rio Grande connection for the transcontinental Pacific. As the Colorado Midland is considered to be an Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe enterprise, I shouldn't be surprised if this would turn out to be another on the Denver and Rio Grande, in the same way existing between the two roads, but at present this part of it is hard to determine."

"Another rumor from C. F. P.—is to the effect that while the above is correct, the Denver and Rio Grande does not care, and vantage to it than otherwise, as it has under consideration, and favorably so, the construction of a division of their road from the Colorado grant to Albuquerque direct; a division of road about six or seven miles long and under the Interstate Commerce Law, they can demand as favorable rates over the Atlantic and Pacific as are now given to the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, and so get still shorter and cheaper to the south. Consider that we have at present besides the Santa Fe country in New Mexico, rich in agriculture and mineral resources, and having a branch which you know is already built to Santa Fe, and another a few miles (say ten or twelve) to the railroads, consider also an sincerely of the opinion that this road will be commenced at once, and will only not be of great benefit to Albuquerque, also to the Atlantic and Pacific road."

"B. B. Bishop, engineer here, was the general superintendent of the Atlantic and Pacific until recently, when he accepted his present position with the Colorado Midland.

The hand of the Atlantic and Pacific is therefore supposed to be in the whole deal.

SANTA MONICA THINKS IT MAY BE.

Santa Monica Outlook: It would be a novel sight to see a locomotive steaming up Ocean avenue. Such a thing is not impossible. The Atchison and Topeka Company already has a right of way of 10 miles into South Santa Monica. The company want to come further into the heart of town, we are told, and form a connection with the foothill road that is to come along the mountains of Los Angeles. This road will be completed in time. There will probably be an objection to this route on Ocean avenue, but there are other routes to which there would be no objection, and they would be just as good, or perhaps better.

MONROVIA TO THE SEA.

Pasadena Star: There have been rumors relative to the construction of an electric road from Monrovia to Long Beach, but little definite information has been given the public concerning the enterprise. Last Saturday, S. S. Parker stepped out to get to the bottom of facts. He was fortunate enough to meet the gentleman who is most closely identified with the building of the road, and who is taking the lead in organizing the work. It was learned that the road will be built in two parts, the first to be built to Alhambra, and from there two lines will be built on the new electric road pattern, with three rails, the middle rail having a copper wire connected with it, which furnishes the electric power. The entire distance will be one which will be turned on and off, the name steam on a locomotive. This will do away with all poles and elevated wires, as well as with the annoying smoke and cinders of a common locomotive. The road is to be built heavy enough so that if the road should break by any chance prove a failure, it may be used for a motor road. From the city limits of Los Angeles to the central depot the road will be an elevated one, which the rapid speed to be made will render necessary.

There will be a meeting of the parties interested tomorrow afternoon, at Monrovia, to further the organization of the company. Nearly all the necessary stock is already subscribed, and the leading men of the county and there is positive assurance that the road will be constructed at an early date. It is easy to see what an effect the building of this road will have in boosting Monrovia and that portion of the valley.

Some time since the Star intimated the possible construction of a road from Monrovia to the summit of Monrovia Peak, north of that town and having nearly as great an elevation as Wilson Peak. There are straws still pointing to such a consummation, although we have no definite information that that effect.

SAN BERNARDINO'S NEW MOTOR LINE.

San Bernardino Index: At the last meeting of the Board of Supervisors a petition praying for the franchise to build a motor road from San Bernardino to Lugonia and Redlands was presented by W. J. Curtis, O. Newburg and W. N. Crandall. The petition, however, was laid on the table and will not be acted on until the next meeting.

The gentlemen intend as soon as the franchise is granted to at once commence work and push it rapidly ahead until the road is completed. It will run along the same line as the present San Bernardino, and, passing through the schoolhouse, will continue down to Lugonia and Redlands. The gentlemen at the head of the enterprise guarantee that it will be pushed at once.

NURSING THE HOPE.

San Diego Sun: Yesterday, in conversation with a representative of the Sun, a prominent official of the Southern Pacific Company said that his corporation had, by any means given up, coming to San Diego, but as soon as the work of construction on the Oregon line was completed, some time this fall, a large force of men would be sent south, and work be begun toward the city, regrett ed to the reporter by some persons that the Southern Pacific would find difficulty in getting into San Diego and securing proper terminal facilities here, the gentleman stated that his company had not the slightest fear on that score, as there was plenty of room for them here, and they are bound to come. The exact route south from Los Angeles was of course a matter for some consideration yet. The fact that Senator Stanton has recently completed the purchase of the San Joaquin and the two San Joaquin lines, it is probable that the line will pass through that section and along the coast.

SANTA BARBARA WILL CELEBRATE.

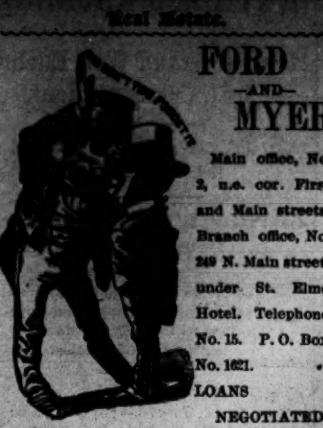
Santa Barbara Press, July 9: At a meeting of the directors of the Board of Trade last week preliminary steps were taken for celebrating the completion of the railroad to Santa Barbara. The citizens generally are to be invited to meet the members of the Board of Trade Tuesday evening, July 9th, at the City Hall, for the purpose of consulting upon the course necessary to pursue in order that the arrival of the first passenger train may be properly celebrated. It has been suggested by some that a band should be engaged to play at the disposal of our visitors for the purpose of taking them over the city and to points of interest in the immediate vicinity, and afterwards a dinner to be served by the ladies of the Union Mount or at the Pavilion. Another suggestion has been made that prizes be offered for the best music discoursed by regularly organized brass bands, the award to be made by a competent committee and the prize open to any band in the State.

On account of the increased travel east, the Santa Fe route has arranged for extra Pullman cars on their through Kansas City trains. They are also now running their emigrant express to the west, direct from Los Angeles to Kansas City direct.

Business Tension.

The west half said. Over three hundred houses built this fall. Buy in the east half, fronting on Vermont Avenue. See it. Carriages daily. Rooms \$5 and \$10. Wilson block.

Breastmen's Corn Blister, a guaranteed cure for corns. Ellis & Co. sell it.



**FORD
AND
MYER**

Main office, No. 2, n.e. cor. First and Main streets.
Branch office, No. 249 N. Main street,
under St. Elmo Hotel. Telephone No. 15. P. O. Box No. 1621.
LOANS NEGOTIATED.

New house 4 rooms, hard-finished, Carroll ave., Angelina Heights. \$2,500.

Lot on Pacifico street, near Hillside, per foot. 1,750.

Lot on Spring street, runs through to 1st and Main streets, per foot. 600.

Lot on Third street, Mills & Wilcox addition, each. 2,000.

Lot on Main st., this side Washington 175.

2 lots on Monroe street, Trebil tract, 200 feet from Figueroa street, a bargain, each. 1,000.

Lot on Caroline street, Mills & Wilcox addition. 1,200.

Lot on cor. First and Grand ave., with 2 small rooms. 2,800.

Lot on Temple street, bet. Brent and Patten. 1,200.

2 lots on Temple street, near Crescent ave, for both. 2,800.

2 1/2 acres 1/4 mile west of Agricultural 3,500.

10 acres on Central ave., with brick of Jefferson st.; house, barn, well, windmill and tank; covered with fine fruit trees 3,500.

11 acres on Washington, 1/2 mile from Main st., near Washington. 3,000.

House 6 rooms, Myrtle ave., near Seventh 6,000.

Lot on Hoover st., one block from Washington. 600.

Lot on 5 rooms, Boston ave., Boyle heights, 1/2 acre. 2,000.

Lot on Temple st., near Main, corner, per foot. 220.

Lot on Main st., cor. York per foot. 75.

Lot on Hope st., near Temple Street. 2,750.

Lot on 1/2 acre, Twelfth st. and Union ave., a bargain. 650.

Lot on 1/2 acre, Main st., near Washington. 4,000.

Lot on 1/2 acre, Seventh st., near Los Angeles, 100.

Lot corner Belmont st. and Harrison ave., 800.

24 acres high, improved, just off Washington, per acre. 1,200.

Lots in East Los Angeles, cheap. 1,200.

Lot on Main st., cor. York per foot. 75.

Lot on 1/2 acre, Main st., near Washington, per foot (corner). 75.

Eight lots near Main st., bet. Walnut 100.

Lots in City Center tract. 100.

Lots in Williamson tract. 100.

Lot on Vernon ave., Fairview tract. 100.

Lot on Turner st., near new depot. 1,200.

Lot corner Hill 1/2 Carr st., 100x150. 5,000.

Lot on 1/2 acre, 1st and Grand ave., 100x110. 2,100.

Lot on Flower st., near Pico, cheap. 2,100.

Lot on 1/2 acre, Alameda Grove tract. 800.

Lot on 1/2 acre, John st., bet. 10th and 11th. 1,000.

Two lots on Court st., bet. Virginia and Ohio, each. 400.

Two lots on Orange, between Main and 1st, one block from Main st., each. 1,000.

Two lots on Second st., open new depot site, 100x100, lots additional, each. 2,500.

Two lots on Main st., bet. 10th and 11th. 950.

House 6 rooms, Flower st., between 8th and 9th. 1,200.

Lot on 1/2 acre, just of Pearl, 60 ft front. 1,000.

Lot on Arnold st., near Lucas. 1,600.

Margins in the Bonita tract. 400.

FOR & MYER.

Remember the new office—No. 2, n.e. corner First and Main streets. Telephone No. 15. P. O. Box 151.

To Capitalists!

Skins of Gravel.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.
GODALZI, PERIN & CO., UNIVERSAL AGENTS.
NORTHERN ROUTE embrace lines for
Portland, Ore., Victoria, B.C., and Puget Sound,
Alaska and all coast ports.

TIME TABLE FOR JULY, 1887.

	Coming South.	Going North.
Steamers.	Leave San Fran. San Pedro.	Arrive San Francisco. Pedro.
Queen of Pac.	July 10. 10:00 a.m. 11:00 a.m.	July 10. 10:00 a.m. 11:00 a.m.
Santa Rosa.	11:00 a.m. 12:00 noon.	11:00 a.m. 12:00 noon.
Los Angeles.	12:00 noon. 1:00 p.m.	12:00 noon. 1:00 p.m.
Queen of Pac.	1:00 p.m. 2:00 p.m.	1:00 p.m. 2:00 p.m.
Santa Rosa.	2:00 p.m. 3:00 p.m.	2:00 p.m. 3:00 p.m.
Los Angeles.	3:00 p.m. 4:00 p.m.	3:00 p.m. 4:00 p.m.
Queen of Pac.	4:00 p.m. 5:00 p.m.	4:00 p.m. 5:00 p.m.
Santa Rosa.	5:00 p.m. 6:00 p.m.	5:00 p.m. 6:00 p.m.
Los Angeles.	6:00 p.m. 7:00 p.m.	6:00 p.m. 7:00 p.m.
Queen of Pac.	7:00 p.m. 8:00 p.m.	7:00 p.m. 8:00 p.m.

The steamers Santa Rosa and Queen of Pacific leave San Pedro for San Diego on the dates of their arrivals from San Francisco, and vice versa. The Santa Barbara and San Francisco call at Santa Barbara and Port Hueneme (San Luis Obispo) only. The Eureka and Los Angeles call at all west ports.

Cars to the various stations leave S. P. R. R. Depot, Los Angeles, as follows:

With Santa Rosa, and Queen of Pacific, at 9:00 o'clock p.m.

With Los Angeles and Eureka, going north, at 4:30 o'clock p.m.

Tickets to and from all important points in Europe, apply to

H. MCKELLAR, Agent.

Office 8 Commercial st., Los Angeles.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
(Pacific System.)

SUNDAY, JUNE 28, 1887.

Trains leave and are due to arrive at Los Angeles daily as follows:

Leave For.	Destination.	Arrive From
8:00 a.m.	Banning	6:45 a.m.
4:20 p.m.	do	10:00 a.m.
8:00 a.m.	Colton	6:45 p.m.
4:20 p.m.	do	10:00 a.m.
5:25 p.m.	do	8:15 a.m.
8:00 a.m.	Dominguez East.	6:45 p.m.
4:20 p.m.	Fernando	9:00 a.m.
9:40 a.m.	Long Beach & S. Pedro	4:35 p.m.
1:00 p.m.	Long Beach	4:35 p.m.
9:15 a.m.	San Juan Capistrano	4:35 p.m.
1:00 p.m.	San Juan Capistrano	11:40 a.m.
1:00 p.m.	Santa Ana & San Clemente	7:30 a.m.
4:20 p.m.	Santa Ana & San Clemente	7:30 a.m.
9:30 a.m.	Santa Ana & Anaheim	8:35 a.m.
4:20 p.m.	Santa Monica	12:30 p.m.
9:30 a.m.	Santa Monica	4:30 p.m.
1:00 p.m.	Santa Monica	4:30 p.m.
5:00 p.m.	Santa Monica	8:20 p.m.

* Sundays only.

H. GOODMAN, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

E. H. HARVEY, Sub'Dg., Los Angeles.

A. N. TOWN, General Manager.</p

NOTES ON THE TIMES.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

SUPPLIED BY CARRIERS:	
DAILY SUNDAY, POST FREE.....	.05
DAILY SUNDAY, POST PAID.....	.05
DAILY AND SUNDAY, POST FREE.....	.05
DAILY AND SUNDAY, POST PAID.....	.10
DAILY AND SUNDAY, POST FREE.....	.05
SUNDAY, POST FREE.....	.05
WEEKLY MIRROR, POST FREE.....	.05

The Times is the only morning Republican newspaper printed in Los Angeles that owns the exclusive right to publish here the telegraphic "night report" of the Associated Press, the greatest news-gathering organization in the world. Our franchise has recently been renewed for a long time.

SUBSCRIBERS, when writing to have the address of your paper changed, should also state the former address.

CORRESPONDENCE solicited from all quarters. The local newspaper news is given the preference. Use one side of the sheet only, write plainly, and send me the name for the private information of the Editor.

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The Times.

BY THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.
ALBERT MCGRANLARD,
Vice-Pres., Treas. and Business Manager.
WM. A. SPALDING, Secretary.

Our Semi-Annual Trade Number.

The special eighteen-page number of The Times issued July 1st is sold at the following:

PRICES:	
Single copies, in wrappers.....	.05
20 copies.....	1.00
100 copies.....	5.00
250 copies.....	10.00
500 copies.....	20.00

Agents and newsdealers should order early, before the edition is exhausted.

THE POMONA TIMES-COURIER is an authority for the statement that all negotiations for the sale of Dick Gird's Chino ranch have been declared off. Thus the real-estate record loses, for a time, a \$2,000,000 transaction.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON's other character, Alessandro, has been honored by a namesake town. Ramona is in the San Gabriel Valley, this county, and Alessandro is in the San Jacinto country, San Diego county. Aggravating far apart for a couple of lovers!

It is a significant fact that all the strikers engaged in the late riot at Rochester, N.Y., were foreigners. It is to this large influx of ignorant and worthless aliens that strikes, together with other labor troubles, may be traced. The strike and the boycott are not native to our soil.

SOUTHERN California has perpetrated another unpardonable sin against the Northern Citrus Belt. The Los Angeles base-ball players yesterday while washed the Stockton team, the score standing 3 to 0. The Stocktons have been ranking as the champions of the State. Let them now give the belt to booming Los Angeles.

A CORRESPONDENT at San Jacinto writes: "McLean, of this place, was today fined \$200 for selling liquor to Indians. This ought to awaken Indian Agent Ward, of San Bernardino." Probably Mr. McLean will need no further waking up, and the other fellows will not go to sleep with the bungs of their whisky-barrels exposed.

A SAN DIEGO paper mentions the case of a young man who bought a piece of land in that city a year and a half ago for \$600 and recently sold it for \$22,000, a rise of a little over 3000 per cent. Shucks! There is nothing strange about that. A man out at Pasadena had over \$50,000 worth of real estate blown away in dust, and he sold the rest of his ten-acre plot at \$500 a front inch. Talk about profit! His percentage gauge simply boiled over at the top and would no longer record.

AT AN EARLY hour this morning it looked as though Colusa county intended to organize a neck-tie party for Hong Di. How a jury could hear his case dispassionately and then decide upon a modified verdict to save him from the halter, is one of the inexplicables.

LATER—A special dispatch to THE TIMES, received at 1:15 this morning, says that a mob of about 100 men broke into the Colusa Jail, took Hong Di out and hanged him to a bridge. Thus ends the tragedy.

THE bodies of the six miners imprisoned in the depths of the Virginia City mines were recovered yesterday, after more than two weeks of unremitting effort on the part of the rescuing force. All hope of reaching the men alive was given up the fifth day following the accident, and the dreary quest was simply to restore the remains to the relatives and friends of the hapless miners. Indications at the scene of death denote that, while the men did not suffer instantaneous death, their time was comparatively short after the accident, and they died of suffocation. One body was found with a thumb and finger clasping the nostrils.

THE tenth annual meeting of the American Bar Association is to be held at Saratoga Springs, N.Y., August 17th, 18th and 19th. Thomas J. Semmes, of Louisiana, the president, will deliver the opening address, and the annual address will be by Henry Hitchcock, of Missouri. There will be a paper by Henry Jackson, of Georgia, on "Indemnity the Essence of Insurance; Evil Consequences of Legislation Qualifying This Principle," and a paper by J. K. Edsall, of Illinois, on "The Granger Case and the Police Power." Both papers will be discussed, and there will be, in addition, the annual election of officers, and routine business. The feast of legal reason will wind up with the usual flow of convivial soul.

California Fruits in the Greek Market.

The Minneapolis papers are wisely calling the attention of the people of that city to the superior quality of California fruits, and are discussing the possibilities of Minneapolis in relation to this business. Of California's fruit interests the Minneapolis Commercial Bulletin says:

"But California's wealth is not confined to her great mineral lands for her prolific vineyards, her vast orange and lemon groves, her orchards of pears, apples, apricots, to say nothing of berries and small fruits which in the year have not even come in the year, have no limit and only the Pacific Coast, but the almost limitless Northwest, as these fruits, which are unequalled in quality, can be delivered in this territory at less expense, and in much better condition than those imported from abroad."

"And this leads us to ask: Why cannot Minneapolis be made the great distributing center for these products of California? Under the operations of the Interstate Commerce Bill the railroads cannot discriminate in favor of the fruit of any state, and we propose that the commission house should estimate a business which will find in it a fortune besides providing the people with the best fruits grown at reasonable prices. Who will move in the matter?"

The excellency of our fruits is evidently finding recognition, and a lively demand and ready sales are the natural consequence.

The Bulletin adds:

"The outlook for California fruit, which is fast coming to be the staple in this market, was never better than at present. Pears, apricots and peaches have developed unusual 'keeping qualities' and the fruit arrives in exceptionally good condition. Orange and lemons have gone up another dollar per box, and may advance still higher."

In comparing California fruits with those of foreign import the Bulletin says:

"Thirty thousand boxes of dried oranges and lemons which arrived from York she other day from the Mediterranean have been carried out to sea on the Health Department sloop and dumped, says the Commercial Inquirer of that city. A worse looking and more offensive-looking lot of fruit was never seen. The loss of the cargo was about \$40,000. About a hundred different firms were interested as consignees. The same paper adds: 'It is stated that the health authorities will redouble their efforts to have Mediterranean fruit vessels closely inspected. They have had their own experience that such ships should be looked after as closely as slaughter-houses etc. The better class of fruit-dealers will be glad if the system of inspection is improved.'

Minneapolis dealers may avoid the trouble of having such worthless fruit shipped to them by turning their attention to the California field, from whence stock can arrive in only a few days from the trees."

There is no danger of an overstocked market for the fruit productions of this State. The demand for them is constantly growing and the market extending. The time is coming when foreign importations will have to give place to our home productions. The only thing necessary is to have our fruit-dealers cooperate with those who are anxious to handle our fruits, and to see to it that they are placed upon the market in the best possible condition. This done, any number of cities will be only too glad to act as distributing centers for the rich fruits of California, and it will not be long before we shall have the whole continent for a market. Fruit-growing, notwithstanding all of our other resources, will always continue to be a prominent factor in our industries, and the best fruits and wines of the world will be those of California. Minneapolis shows her far-sighted wisdom in seeking for the control of a portion of our fruit trade.

Exemption from Epidemics.

The heated summer time has its terrors for the people who live in the great cities of the East. It is the harvest time of the deadly epidemic.

The great heat of last month was accompanied by unprecedented prevalence of diphtheria in New York, and an unusual amount of mortality elsewhere.

The roll of the grim messenger for the present year has been alarmingly large in New York,

amounting to 19,312 deaths. In June there were 521 cases of diphtheria at that city, nearly half of which proved fatal.

In Southern California all seasons are alike. The liability of disease is not greater at one period of the year than at another. The absence of extreme heat and the out-door life that is possible here at all seasons of the year, are some of the causes of our exemption from the epidemics that ravage the Atlantic cities. With proper regard to sanitary laws, we need never fear an epidemic of any kind. Throughout the year our houses may be open to the fresh air and sunshine, and in these natural elements we have the most potent agencies against disease. Add to fresh air and sunshine, cleanliness, good sewerage and good water, and the denizens of Southern California's cities are insured against any such ravages of disease as desolate homes in the large cities along the Atlantic borders.

The healthfulness of this climate is not the least of its attractions. Malaria, with its attendant evils, does not abound.

Enervating heat is not known.

Cool and comfortable nights follow the warmest days. If New York's tenement houses, with all their filth and disease, were removed here, their death rate would rapidly diminish.

We are so used to physical comfort in this section that we do not half appreciate the superiority of our climatic condition, and it is only as the dark contrast is presented that we realize what reasons we have for content and thankfulness.

State Subdivision.

The San Francisco papers have been heard from on the latest phase of State subdivision. It can hardly be said that they favor the measure more now than formerly.

The Cal says:

"It will not be enough to talk of dividing out when the separation can be made an independent state, as the present State Government as effective as the one which the fathers found against King George in the Declaration of Independence."

The Examiner, touching upon the state of 1859, says:

"If California shall ever be divided it will not be on the strength of a musty statute, so long dead and so completely forgotten that its resurrection is the first news of its existence to all save one in ten thousand."

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FRESH LITERATURE.

The July number of the *Wide Awake* is up to its usual mark of excellence, and will be regarded as a treasure by every young person into whose hands it falls. It opens with a charming account of "Washington's Boyhood, Pursuits and Companions," and puts the boy of today face to face with him in his young days. "The Story of Keedon Bluff," by Charles Egbert Craddock, is continued, and abounds in delightful incidents. "The Queen's Jubilee calls out a pretty paper of anecdotes from the pen of an Englishwoman; "The Secrets at Roselawn"; and the Indian Mound series are continued, and altogether there is such a feast of good things under various titles that the number cannot fail to please the varied tastes of its thousands of readers. D. Lathrop & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.

Still We Grow.

Twenty-five years ago we were 30,000,000 of people; now we are nearly 50,000,000. Then we had 141 cities and towns of over 5000 inhabitants, now we have 236 of such cities and towns. Then the total population of all cities was 5,000,000, now it is about 12,000,000.

Our coal mines then produced 14,000,000 tons, now 85,000,000 tons or six times as much.

The iron product amounted to 100,000 tons of ore, and we turn out 8,000,000 tons a year, almost a nine-fold increase.

In 1860 our metal industries employed about 53,000 hands, consumed \$100,000,000 worth of material and turned out about \$10,000,000 in annual products. Today these industries employ 100,000 hands, consume \$80,000,000 of material and their annual product amounts to \$60,000,000 a year.

In 1860 the wood industries employed 180,000 persons; today they employ 340,000, while the value of their annual product has tripled.

The woolen industry employed 100 persons then, and now employ 160,000, while our home mills, which produced goods of the value of \$80,000,000 in 1860, now turn out an annual product of \$100,000,000.

Finally there is cotton. In 1860 we imported 220,000,000 yards of cotton goods; in 1881 we only imported 70,000,000 yards.

In the meantime the number of hands employed in American cotton-mills has increased to 150,000, and we export over 150,000,000 yards of cotton goods a year. Instead of importing 220,000,000 yards as we used to do.

In the meantime we have nearly five times as many miles of railways, and double the number of farms, yielding more than double the number of bushels of cereals.

In the production of sheep, we had 22,000,000 of them in 1860; today we have over 40,000,000 of them; and whereas, we then produced in this country 600,000,000 pounds of wool, we now produce 1,000,000,000 pounds.

Finally, the total of our exports has doubled. In 1860 it stood at \$40,000,000, now it stands at about \$80,000,000.

What We Deserve.

(Exchange.)

A business man who travels in the South said yesterday: "I am inclined to believe that there was a political design in the President's action in regard to the return of the flag. No intelligent man can go through the Southern States without coming to the conclusion that a political break-up is at hand. The internal revenue is still the protection element is growing. The only thing we want to keep them in the Democratic ranks is to stir up race and native prejudices of the way I believe that the flag affair was devised to keep the South silent during another Presidential election."

Bids for Street-Grading.

OFFICE OF THE CALIFORNIA CO-OPERATIVE COLONY, ROOMS 3 AND 4, NEWELL BLOCK, LOS ANGELES (Cal.), July 8, 1887.

Sealed proposals for grading about fifty miles of streets in the town of Newell, in accordance with proposed plans and instructions, will be received at this office until 12 o'clock (noon) July 15th. The board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

By order of the Board.

RALPH E. HOYT, President.

M. H. JOHNSON, Secretary.

Important Notice.

All stockholders in the Los Angeles and Santa Monica Land and Water Company will please call at the office of Byram & Pollock, on Monday, July 11th, to advise as to the organization of the company, as no more stock will be sold after Saturday, July 1st, and it is the wish to have all parties holding stock signed.

—Anahiem Excursion! Anahiem Auction! Wednesday next, at 9 a.m., from old depot. Anahiem is a thriving, wealthy town. Hotels, banks, schools, street cars and railroads already there. A fine place to live. One hundred and twenty lots facing Santa Fe depot grounds. Best chance for quick returns and big profits. Free lunch. Round trip, \$1.

The Famous Townsite of Rosecrans. A motor road owned by us, and to be run only to Rosecrans; guaranteed. Buy while you can; easy terms. Carriages for hire. Rooms 8 and 9, Wilson block, 24 West First.

Horse.

T. H. Reynolds, the most reliable horse dealer in Los Angeles, has arrived with forty head of fine, gentle family horses. For sale at corral on Olive street, near Sixth.

Wood Street Cars.

The car line on Center street is now being extended from Olive to Orange street, Anaheim. Excursion for auction Wednesday, the 13th, at 9 a.m., from Commercial street depot. Map of Wiesendanger & Sons.

Mail Your Fortunes.

Buy a lot on the townsite of Rosecrans; only \$10 per acre, and interest, \$1 per month from town. Carriages daily. Rooms 8 and 9, Wilson block, 24 West First.

Bargains! Bargains! Bargains!

Read Brook's double-column advertisement in this paper.

Band of music and free lunch. Lots at your own price. New Vernon, August 3d.

San Jacinto Register for sale; clear title. Address Proprietor.

Boston Wall Paper House. Swank & Whomes, 110 South Spring.

Wood and Coal.

AUSTRALIAN COAL, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—At yard of the Los Angeles Gas Company, corner Aliso and Central streets.

LOS ANGELES GAS COMPANY.

Office No. 9, Sonora street.

HAY, GRAIN, WOOD AND COAL.

STANSBURY BROS. & HARVEY, Fort st., hot. Fourth and Fifth Telephone 472. Orders promptly attended to and delivered to any part of the city. Patronage solicited.

Unclassified.

SUMMER SCHOOL : OF : ELOCUTION.

IN THE NORMAL SCHOOL BUILDING, beginning July 11th, closing August 5th. Conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ludians. For particulars address P. O. box 46, Los Angeles, Cal.

NOTICE.

TONG, WAH, JAN & CO. (N. W. Gow, agent) Will open a general Chinese merchandise store, which will retail contractor and distributor of Chinese imports. PLAZA opposite Engine-house.

BATH & FOSMIR.

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP[®] Corner V street and Gardner st., Los Angeles.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF FARMERS & MERCHANTS' BANK, OF LOS ANGELES.

ASSETS.	
Cash on hand	\$1,000,447.51
Cash with other banks	200,000.00
Cash on call	200,000.00
Cash available	\$1,305,117.52
U. S. bonds and other government bonds	450,388.00
Stocks and warrants	32,025.61
Bank accounts	2,200.00
Vaults and furniture	7,010.00
Real estate	2,270.75
LIABILITIES.	
Capital paid up	\$200,000.00
Surplus	200,000.00
Undivided profits	3,628,581.47
Dividends (uncalled for)	9,145.00
Total available	\$1,305,117.52

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

County of Los Angeles, Isaacs W. Hellman, president, and John Miller, cashier, of the Farmers and Merchants' Bank of Los Angeles each for himself, swear that the foregoing statement is true to the best of their knowledge and belief.

Isaacs W. Hellman, Pres't.

John H. Milner, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of July, 1887.

T. E. ROWAN,

Notary Public.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF FARMERS & MERCHANTS' BANK OF LOS ANGELES, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, JUNE 30, 1887.

ISAAC W. HELLMAN, Pres't.; JOHN H. MILNER, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of July, 1887.

T. E. ROWAN,

Notary Public.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION OF THE LOS ANGELES COUNTY BANK, JULY 1, 1887.

ISAAC W. HELLMAN, Pres't.

JOHN H. MILNER, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of July, 1887.

T. E. ROWAN,

Notary Public.

STATEMENT OF THE PAID-UP CAPITAL STOCK OF THE SAVINGS BANK OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

JULY 1, 1887.

AMOUNT OF CAPITAL STOCK, PAID UP, IN GOLD OR SILVER COIN.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES.

JOHN E. PLATER, Pres't.

JOHN H. STEPHENS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of July, 1887.

T. E. ROWAN,

Notary Public.

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STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES.

JOHN E. PLATER, Pres't.

JOHN H. STEPHENS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of July, 1887.

T. E. ROWAN,

Notary Public.

Copartnership Notice.

Certificate of Partnership.

WE CERTIFY THAT WE CONSTITUTE A PARTNERSHIP TRANSACTING BUSINESS IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES, IN THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

THE PARTNERS ARE: JOHN E. PLATER, President; JOHN H. STEPHENS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of July, 1887.

T. E. ROWAN,

Notary Public.

Grape and Wine-Growers' Association Meeting of Stockholders.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.

That the meeting of the Grape and Wine-Growers' Association will be held on Wednesday, July 13, 1887, at 2 o'clock P.M., in the afternoon, at room 10, Baker block, corner of the Produce Exchange and Los Angeles, Cal.

The purpose of the meeting is to hold the annual election of the officers of the association, and the report of the special Finance Committee appointed at the last meeting of the stockholders, and to transact such business as may properly come before such meeting.

By order of the Board of Directors.

CHARLES L. BATCHELLER,

Secretary.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 1, 1887.

Notice to Purchase Timber Lands.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, AT LOS ANGELES, CAL., JULY 1, 1887.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.

That Peter W. Mcintosh, residence Los Angeles, State of California, has filed in this office his application for the purchase of lots Nos. 4 and 5, of section No. 14, township 2 south, range 11 west, U. S. M. U. survey, for the sum of \$10,000, to be paid at the time of making the written bid, balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court. Acts of sale in the expense of the purchase, and expenses of recording, to be paid by the purchaser.

That the same is subject to all taxes and other charges which may be due on the same.

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EDGE-WAY ABROAD
ME WRITES ABOUT THE GREAT
DERBY RACES.

We See the Horses Run, and So Does
Mandy—They Leave England and Plant
Their Feet Upon the Shores of France.
In Paris at Last.

(Special Correspondence.)

PARIS, France, June 14.—
DEAR EDITOR: I take my pen in hand this
time in gay and giddy Paris, which is a big
city here in France, but before telling you
of our race, I will tell you something about the great
horse race we went to in London. They call it the
Derby, and it takes place about eighteen
miles from town at Epsom. Epsom is where
they get Epsom salts from, I reckon, least
ways a man in our vehicle said, when two out
logged sailors come up to us for a penny, that
they was Epsom salts. Everybody laughed,
but Mandy, and she said she didn't feel it, I
mean racing, anyhow. Mandy is too serious a
woman to stand trifling, but I ain't a bit that
way. Well, to come to the race. We went
out in a stage, Mandie and me top, costing
us about \$50 apiece, and it was a fine go all
the way out, lined with carriages and wagons,
and carts, and cayalays and foot passengers,
and drivers, and all sorts of things. There was
150,000 people there; 140,000 seemed like it
if they had come out to sell the balance some-
thing in the shape of fruit stands, side shows,
shooping galleries, cakes, jewelry and every-
thing else most under the sun. It was a gay
scene, though, and as I looked at it I thought
of our biggest Wayback barbecues and got so
impatient that Mandy had to restrain me or
I would have fell off the stage or made a
speech.

The sky was green, the turf was blue,
And o'er a sea of faces

A tickle smile stretched half a mile.

To more than half a mile

That's mine, Mr. Editor, and it ain't
quite right change it to suit the taste of your
readers, as I ain't much on offhand poetry.

The first race wasn't the Derby, and only
two horses went, and they wouldn't more'n
do for plow horses on my Wayback farm.

It give me time, though, to get away from

Mandy and have a lark around with the
boys and see what was going on in tips for
the big race. I seen the horses and pickin'
out the favorite on a tip a raw faced Brit-
isher give me for five shillings, I backed that
one in my judgment for all he was worth
and nearly all I was. Well, the race came off,
Mr. Editor, and suffice it to say that the
expenses of my trip was about doubled. I
never bet on a favorite in America, but in
one of these effects nationalities of the east
and west, for political reasons, I guess,
won't mix with politics, and now I know how
races won't, neither. But I don't keepr to
what I said, and I don't know who it is.
Give my best respects to all inquirin' friends. Yours truly,

W. Q. WAXEM,
M. C. from Wayback.

OLEOLOGY OF INDIANA.

REGULARITY OF HOOLES ROCKS DOWN TO
THE GAS AND OIL.

(Special Correspondence.)

ROCKVILLE, Ind., June 27.

All the talk is of gas. This is very near
the extreme southwest border of that belt in
which, according to the savants, natural gas
may be found; and it is the daily prayer of
many a real estate owner that it may not
prove to be just a little too far southwest.
And in order to understand the gasy news,
that is to say, the telegrams about gas, it is
necessary for you to know a little about the
geology of Indiana, which is on this wise:

"Mandy," says it to her, "I have done
gone in, went in early and I come out
regular. You have got any spare change
lend it to me."

She didn't have any, but she got cooler
when she had learnt my financial condition.

Going home was the sport of the day, and
the whole eighteen miles of road was a string
of wheels all turning in the direction of
London. Everybody was in good spirits
apparently, and we all seemed to forget our
losses in the excitement of the rush and
whirl. I bowed to every good looking
woman I could see between Epsom and Lon-
don, and I reckon I bowed to 50,000 more or
less, and they bowed back and smiled and
Mandy never said a word.

There wasn't any use of it, for she knew
I couldn't git off the top of that stage to save
my life.

Hundreds of little boys chased after us,
yelling for pennies, and I felt like getting
down and raising a few that way myself, but
the dignity of an American statesman, even
if he was strapped, wouldn't stand it, and I
was still. One cry they had was about like
this:

The races are over,
The Derby is done,
You've got money and I've got none.
Throw out your copper! Throw out your
money copper!"

The Derby is done,
You've got money and I've got none.

Now we're home again, and I'm back to
the Gas and Oil.

My little chaps, think it, you little
know how far from the truth your poetry is,
and how deceiving airc appears. Thus
moralizing, while I wasn't aiming at
beauty's shrine, at the winds and along the
pavements, we went on to London and got in
at last, ready to eat what was set before us
and to go to bed and dream of betting on the
horses that got first. Alas, dreams are so
unstable.

After the Derby, Mandy and me bowed
that it would be a good thing to leave the
scene of our recent dissipations and go on to
the Continent for recuperation, so we packed
up our duds and left for Paris, getting there
by steamer to Folkstone, crossing the Chan-
nel to Bolone and going by cars the rest of
the way. We got over the Channel without
being a mite sick, and at Bolone I first began
to find out that we was in a foreign land. I
spoke my best Wayback language to the
man at the boat landing and ast him where
our train was, but he shook his head and said
"Non angly," and then pushed his shoulders
up to his ears and said it over again
every time I made a break at him. I kept
askin' him though, finally Mandy took
charge of him by sign and word and
found out where we had to go and we went.
In the course of a few minutes we pulled out
of the station with a four hours' ride ahead
of us and I prepared to enjoy myself. It was
the first clear sunny day we had seen since
landing in London, and when a man that has
lived in sunshine don't git a particle for
three or four weeks, it's worse than if he
didn't git any likker for that long. At least
I should think so, though I never experienced
the last mentioned deprivation.

"Mandy," says I to my wife, after we had
rode an hour, I reckon, and passed a good
deal of new French scenery, "Mandy, air you
awful sort of things?"

"Well, I would hope so. If I wasn't I'd
most likely be in a idiot asylum instead of
flying through France."

"I mean, my dear," I says in a soothing
tone, "do you know that you air once more
in a land of the free?"

"Where's the stars and stripes?" she ast,
poking her head out of the winder in a
patriotic manner.

"It is not the United States," I explained,

"but it is the great and glorious republic of
France, that knows no throne, that lets no
crowd weigh down the brown her people.

Here every man is free and equal, here the
birds sing, the flowers bloom, the sun shines,

the voter votes and all nater is glad, because
the God given boom of liberty rests upon the
land from east to west from north to south,
from the pine and hills of Maine to the
golden shores of Califor."

"I don't know about Maine and Califor-

in this connection," she says, interrupting of
me, "but while you air putting liberty and
freedom and republi on exhibition, let me
call your attention to that field across yonder,
where the sun comes down to kiss the
flowers, where the birds pour forth their
gladsons songs, where liberty comes to bless
the horny handed voter, driving his wife and
a cow to a harrow and him riding on the har-
row! Where is your liberty, where is your
glorious republic of the free in such a scene
as that? I am used to seeing women made
to work her fingers' ends off, but to this hour I
never saw a cow quite so low."

Mandy was right. There it was, a woman

working her head out of the winder in a
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a cow to a harrow and him riding on the har-
row! Where is your liberty, where is your
glorious republic of the free in such a scene
as that? I am used to seeing women made
to work her fingers' ends off, but to this hour I
never saw a cow quite so low."

Mandy was right. There it was, a woman

working her head out of the winder in a
patriotic manner.

"It is not the United States," I explained,

GEN. LAFAYETTE.

HIS LOVE FOR AMERICA AND SOME OF HIS RELICS.

Washington's Eyeglasses and Parasol.
The Sword Presented by Congress—How Lafayette Looked on His Last Visit to the United States.

(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, June 30.
At this time any new matter relating to Gen. Lafayette will be interesting. Next week occurs the Fourth of July, and he more than any other foreigner aided in making the celebration of our independence possible. Congress has made an appropriation for a statue of him, and the committee looked over a number of models shortly after Congress adjourned. Nothing could be more appropriate than such a statue, and it is fitting that the United States of today should bear in mind the great services of this French hero of the past. Lafayette was one of the first Frenchmen to come to the aid of the United States in the revolutionary struggle. He fitted out a yacht at his own expense and left France to sail to America after the king forbade him. When he arrived at Philadelphia he told congress that he wanted only two things. The first was that he might be allowed at his own expense to command what he might start out as a volunteer. He was only 19 years old at this time, but congress made him a major general and he reported himself to Gen. Washington. He did good service in the war, led the attack at Monmouth and was badly wounded at Brandywine.

His expenses during this trip to the United States amounted to nearly \$150,000, or 700 francs. He left the United States only because war had broken out between France and England, and he thought it his duty to go back to the aid of his own country. He was always a strong friend of the United States in after life, and one of his favorite projects was that England should be invaded and Paul Jones WASHINGTON'S SPECTACLES.

should command the navy, while he should have command of our army. He helped the United States much in securing money and friends in France, and in the days of his death he considered himself as much a citizen of his adopted country as of his own. We have a park here at Washington named after him. It is directly opposite the White House, and it is filled with old trees and shady walks. It is one of the pleasantest resting places in the heart of the capital.

One of the best paintings of Lafayette is that which hangs in the house of representatives. It was painted by Ary Scheffer, and the artist took a sketch for it of Lafayette as he lay upon his death bed. He was aided also by a sketch which Lafayette's eldest daughter made at this time, and I suppose by the painter can which was made by the sculptor David.

The other day I came across a time worn volume of "Recollections of Lafayette" by a Frenchman who was to him what Bowell was to Johnson. The book has long since been out of print. It was published during the presidency of Andrew Jackson and at about the time of Lafayette's death. The author describes Lafayette as being exactly like this:



LAFAYETTE'S RING AND SEALS.

Picture which hangs in our house of representatives. He was tall and well proportioned, portly but not fat. His head was large and his face oval and regular. His forehead was lofty and open, and his eyes were large and prominent. They were of a grayish blue and full of goodness and spirit. They were surrounded with light, well arched but not bushy eyebrows. His nose was aquiline, his smile charming, his complexion clear and his cheeks rosy. At the age of 77 not a wrinkle furrowed his countenance. He had a strong and vigorous constitution and kept his good health to the last. He was simple in dress and was remarkably clean and neat in his person. He was very punctual in keeping his appointments, was highly cultured and a great reader. He was fond of the country, and his home at Lagrange, situated about forty miles from Paris, was one of the pleasantest estates in France.

This home was at the time of his death filled with mementos of his love for the United States, and he had many relics which would be invaluable if they could be made a part of our National museum. From this old Frenchman's recollections I am able to give you the sketches of some of these. They are reproduced as he sketched them at the time of Lafayette's life. Among the souvenirs of Gen. Washington which Lafayette preserved with religious care was an ivory handled pair of eyeglasses, mounted in silver, and used by Washington during the latter years of his life.

On one side of the ivory handle on a silver shield is engraved the word "Washington," and the two eyeglasses are more like those of a pocket microscope than anything else. C. C. MCDONALD.



TESTIMONIAL VASE.

We all know that Washington wore false teeth, but this is the first time that I have heard of his using glasses.

He carried, also, a sun umbrella or parasol, and Lafayette had one of these. It is described as a long handled parasol with an ivory top, "which the illustrious president of the United States usually attached to his horse's saddle to protect himself on his travels from the burning rays of the sun." Another relic was a piece of tapestry embroidered by Mrs. Washington at the age of 70. It represented shells, and Lafayette used it as a cushion cover.

Lafayette visited this country in 1884, and it was at this time that congress granted him \$300,000 and a township of land in payment for the services which he had given to the United States in the war of the Revolution. During this time he visited Mount Vernon and while here George Washington Parkes Custis gave him a ring in which were locks of the hair of George Washington and his wife's braided together. The closest hair in the middle of the ring is Washington's and the white hair on each side of that of his wife's. Around the hair are the words "pater patriae," and on the sides "Mount Vernon." He also had Washington's decoration of the Cincinnati and he had a cane which Franklin used to carry. Franklin's granddaughter sent Lafayette a pin in which was the hair and the cipher of Franklin. It was used as a scarf or shirt pin and is undoubtedly genuine. But it will perhaps surprise the people of today to think that Franklin was so vain as to use anything of the kind.

During his visit to the United States Lafayette was given a suit of clothes by the people of the Carolinas, and it was thought a great thing then that these clothes were of home manufacture. The coat had gold buttons and these were ornamented with the face of Washington. Lafayette used habitually a seal which contained the head of Washington surrounded by rays, and he had two swords given him while he was in the United States. One was given by the Ninth artillery regiment of New York, and it had a handle of ivory mounted by a single head of coined gold. The other was presented to him by congress, and I am able to give you sketches of the blade of this. Its handle and mounting were of massy gold, admirably carved and presenting a variety of subjects. It was given to Lafayette by Franklin's grandson, on the part of the American congress, as a testimony of gratitude for the services which he had rendered the nation.

Lafayette died at 77. His life was a most eventful one throughout, and even his enemies admitted his greatness. He named his eldest son after George Washington, and his younger sons "figured in French politics as Republicans. His son, George Washington Lafayette, came with him during his last visit to the United States in 1884, and he partook with him of the honors which Lafayette received as "the national guest." This journal was sent out the United States lasted full year, and it was a perfect ovation. City, village and hamlet pointed out their inhabitants en masse to meet him, and he visited all the states then composing the Union. He stopped a few weeks at the White House, just before he left, and during this time he made the trip to Mount Vernon, above spoken of, and also visited ex-Presidents Jefferson, Madison, Monroe at their respective homes. He left France, Sept. 7, 1825, and President John Quincy Adams made a speech of farewell. He replied, closing his remarks with these words:

"God bless you, sir, and all that surround you. God bless the American people, each of their states and their Federal government! Accept this patriotic farewell with an overflowing heart. Such will be its last throw when it ceases to beat."

Lafayette was buried in France in a private cemetery in Paris in 1884. Whether his remains have been removed or not I do not know.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

PETROLEUM V. NASHY.

His Youthful Life as Printer's Devil in Cortland, N. Y.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, June 24.
J. H. Sinclair, founder of a New York state weekly newspaper, The Chenangoian, talked with me one day about David R. Locke (Petroleum V. Nashy). Said Mr. Sinclair:

"In the spring of 1845 I was in charge of The Cortland (N. Y.) Democrat office, at that time published by Seth Height. One afternoon a bright eyed lad, about 14 years old, alight in figure and respectful in deportment, entered the office, and said he had come in response to an advertisement which had appeared in The Democrat for an apprentice—one from the country preferred."

"The little fellow was very agreeable and prompt way of expressing himself pleased us all alike. Mr. Height had fears that the boy was too small for the arduous duties devolving upon him as the 'printer's devil' of those days, the fact that he had walked all the way from Marathon, fourteen miles distant, decided the question, and the coveted place was given him. His name was David R. Locke.

"I remember him well as he stood on a box at his case while I instructed him in the myriads of wonderful boxes. He was an apt pupil and soon mastered that particular branch. Although the office was on the third floor of the block, and with the bringing up of wood and water and other chores the position must have been trying, yet, so far as I know, Locke was always faithful in the discharge of his duties, which were performed uncomplainingly.

"With all this drudgery he was one of the most happy boys I have ever seen. He dearly loved a joke, and often made us roar with laughter at his oddities. I never knew anything small or dishonorable about Dave Locke. His parents were in humble circumstances, but his was the village shoemaker at Marathon, but they had the respect of everybody.

"I left Cortland in 1846, and knew little of Locke except that I met him on occasional visits to my old home. I think he completed his apprenticeship there, and for a time I lost sight of him until in about 1850. I was at that time one of the publishers of The Chenangoian, and received the first number of a Democratic paper published at Bucyrus, O., by David R. Locke, with request for an extra copy. I had for some time taken considerable interest in the 'Nashy' papers before I knew that Locke was their author. He had swum around the circle and left the Democratic party. It is somewhat singular that in all these forty years he and I have never met."

D. R. LOCKE.

DAVID R. LOCKE.

Some pride left.

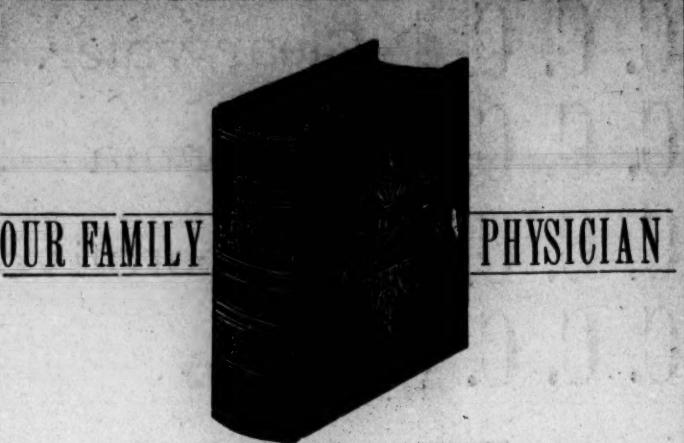
We all know that Washington wore false teeth, but this is the first time that I have heard of his using glasses.

He carried, also, a sun umbrella or parasol, and Lafayette had one of these. It is described as a long handled parasol with an ivory top, "which the illustrious president of the United States usually attached to his horse's saddle to protect himself on his travels from the burning rays of the sun." Another relic was a piece of tapestry embroidered by Mrs. Washington at the age of 70. It represented shells, and Lafayette used it as a cushion cover.

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